



INNIS COLLEGE  
UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

# Innis Herald

Vol. XV no. 2

October 1981

## Imprisoned Voices

In Aid of Amnesty International

## The Writer Writing About Human Rights

by Catherine Russell

The Wednesday night readings at Harbourfront saw a more international group of writers, and the subject-matter of their selections was focussed more on the problem of human rights. Four of the five readings were inspired by specific issues of current and historic repression of human rights.

William Styron, perhaps best known for his recent novel *Sophie's Choice*, prefaced his reading with a tribute to Amnesty International and voiced his sympathy for victims of suppression, in particular black slavery, the subject of his reading — a chapter from *The Confessions of Nat Turner*. In this novel, Styron writes from the

point of view of a young black American slave-boy, in the first person. Apparently, he came under criticism on publication of this novel by Black Rights Organizations who claimed that Styron could not pretend to know the emotions of a black person, or the experience of slavery. Although the reading convinced and moved the predominantly WASP audience at Harbourfront, his mention of the conflict made us aware of one of the problems the writer encounters when writing about human rights.

Vince Buckley, an Australian writer, read a lengthy poem about the Irish hunger strikers, prefacing his reading with the expectation that "many of you may not get the full meaning of

continued on p. 2

## The Congress

by Jeremy Adelman

This conference was the first of its kind in Canada and hopes to set a precedent for discussion globally. From October 1 to the 4th, writers and journalists from around the world gathered to share the common plight of the writer in the face of increasing repression and censorship. Some of the participants included Margaret Atwood, Jacobo Timmerman, Eduardo Galeano, and many others. Nearly half the governments in the United Nations are believed to be holding prisoners of conscience — people incarcerated for their beliefs. Many of those behind bars are writers.

Around the world they are in the position of having to voice the aspirations and anxieties of their people and cultures, and of opening new realities in societies where governments are intent on monopolizing reality.

This was a recurrent theme during the congress and was cited as only one of the roles and subsequent dilemmas of a writer.

The discussion panels varied from censorship to revolution to repression. What became evident was that writers affect every aspect of society, political and cultural. Their value for historical purposes is inestimable. Yet their limitations were also recognized; they are vulnerable and often the brunt of political repression.

The conference was occasionally marred. Once over the Palestinian issue when a spectator protested the views of an Israeli panelist, and again when a spectator protested the views of an Israeli panelist, and again when a spectator protested the views of an Israeli panelist, and again over a sexist slur of a Soviet dissident. A panel on *Woman and Human Rights* pointed out the neglect of woman writers. Only a fraction of the delegates invited were women. None of the seven "silenced" dissidents in whose name the congress was held were women. Thus a resolution was passed by the women's panel to add a token woman, a "disappeared" Guatemalan woman writer. Apart from that the conference went smoothly.

There were several high points during the four days. The gala reading on Friday night at Convocation Hall was hosted by Margaret Atwood. In it the conference's most famous participants read from their works. Josef Brodsky, in exile from the Soviet Union, read poetry in both Russian and English. Susan Sontag, a well-known American essayist and writer, read from a more recent publication, *I, Etcetera*. Jacob Timmerman, an Argentinian journalist, read from his controversial work, *Prisoner Without a Name, Cell Without a Number*. The description of the injustice and cruelty of the right-wing dictatorships in Argentina brought people to their feet. Nadine Gordimer, a South African novelist, read from *July's People* describing the plight of the Blacks under Apartheid policies. Eduardo Galeano, a consistently superb poet and writer from Uruguay, read touching poems from his latest book. "Death is a lie," was the final line of one of his poems condemning the brutality all over the world.

In the final symposium on the role of the writer, chaired by June Callwood, Galeano again moved his audience with a personal account of a conversation with a friend, an Argentinian writer. Galeano described the



# Third World: Refugees

by Jeremy Adelman



## Congress cont.

anxiety of his friend, Haroldo Conti, about how he was tormented by the fear that he wasn't relating to his people. Caleano continued to tell us of his inability to reassure his friend. Conti was arrested shortly after this and since 1976 has been seen only once. He was one of the writers for whom the conference was held.

On Saturday night a series of dramatized readings were held of the works of the seven dissident writers. It culminated in a moving show by Don Francks reading the poetry of a South Korean writer and playing the flute with an assortment of percussion instruments in the background. Later that night in the Trinity College Buttery a dance was held. Alan Cinsberg of Jack Kerouac's *On the Road* fame made his debut as a new wave singer. The band, a local Toronto group called the Ceedees, gave a little more oomph to Cinsberg's already blistering lyrics.

A performance of Latin American readings and music was held Sunday afternoon in Con Hall. It was another in a string of moving events as a group of Chilean musicians sang protest songs. The performance ended with Daniel Viglietti, a famous guitarist from Uruguay, accompanying Caleano (by this time his commitment and energy were truly overwhelming) who read poems from Uruguayan political prisoners smuggled out on cigarette papers. But they were not poems of complaint. Indeed, one is lead to believe that hardship enriches as well as denies.

*Sometimes it rains,  
And I love you  
Sometimes the sun shines,  
And I love you  
The prison is sometimes,  
And I always love you.*

Anonymous

The conference was occasionally dull, but often astoundingly momentous when the writers did their own thing. Read from their own works. One can only hope that *The Writer and Human Rights* will set a precedent and help influence the lives of people in distress by carrying its message. That message was clear, as one Chilean in exile put it: "Freedom is what shines most."

• more on page 7 •

## Writers cont.

this poem... He read it anyway, a moving piece which dealt primarily with the physical pain of the strikers and the media's consumption of it. The poem incorporated the actual names and dates, but avoided the political issues that instigated the strike.

Rudy Wiebe, a Canadian, also read about human rights, an excellent piece about Chief Big Bear and the Riel revolution. The Chief's speech at his trial was either well-fictionalized fact, or well-factualized fiction — a story that actually happened.

The third reading was somewhat different. Fawaz Turki, president of the Palestinian Writers in North America, can only be described as "fanatical." The subject of his reading was exclusively Palestine — the land, the people; the emotions brought about by exile, etc. — to which he gave an extremely dramatic and forceful reading. It may have been the constant repetition of the name of his home and the name of his people that made his audience feel excluded. It was difficult to be sympathetic.

The last writer came from Germany and his was the only reading of the evening that did not deal with human rights. Ironically, Hans Magnus Enzenberger's poetry, and his delicately German-inflected British English reading of it — his own translations — was the highlight of the evening. His subject-matter was more abstract and personal, and he used language with a precision that was noticeably lacking in the preceding poets.

Whether the selections of the first four writers were not representative of the authors' talents, or whether Enzenberger is a more accomplished writer, is a question this reviewer cannot answer. But the impression given at this Wednesday night reading was that human rights, or specific incidents of human suppression, is fictionalized at the expense of either literary merit or factual authenticity. The plights of the political prisoner or indeed anyone whose human rights have been revoked, is of course a universal theme of despair. It therefore has a place in world literature, and part of the aim of this conference was to — directly and indirectly — investigate and identify that place.

Right: Viglietti and Galeano at Convocation Hall

"As a shepherd, God orders me to give my life for those I love. The ones I love are all the people of El Salvador, even those who may kill me. If what they are threatening me with happens, from this moment I offer my blood to God for the redemption and the resurrection of El Salvador."

Heavy words. And as befits a man of the standing of our speaker, these heavy words were prophetic. Two days later the Archbishop of El Salvador, Monsenor Oscar Arnulfo Romero, was assassinated. For years the ground of this tiny Central American nation has received the blood of its people. The situation has reached such catastrophic levels that people of all walks of life, from all classes, both urban and rural, are seeking asylum.

Like war, the phenomenon of refugees is an everyday reality. So much so that Canadians have become almost numbed by the constant presence of it. On September 23, a "Refugee Night" was held in the Medical Sciences auditorium. Its main objective was to bring the plight of El Salvadorian refugees closer to us than the black and white dimensions of the *Globe*. The value of this session was a real attempt to move from a purely verbal and discussionary level to concrete action.

The first speaker, Michael Schelew of Amnesty International, brought people up to date on the current situation. According to Amnesty reports, twenty percent of El Salvador's population of 5 million are refugees. Almost half of them are seeking reprieve in the U.S., but given Mr. Reagan's policies on both El Salvador and the problem of refugees, most of these people are there illegally and therefore are subject to deportation. Indeed they are evicted at the rate of 8,000 monthly. The U.S. policy is inhumane, but is in keeping with its overall view of Central American and the Caribbean. There are over 300,000 refugees spread throughout Central America and Mexico where, in squalid conditions, they await the improvement of the domestic situation. In Honduras their residence can hardly be called "asylum," however, as the El Salvadorian army is allowed to make incursions on the camps there to squash what they call "the nests of insurrection," in an effort to quell potential terrorism. Amnesty also reports of refugee camps within El Salvador itself.

The second speaker, Nancy Goodman from the Law Union, gave a report of her own mission to Honduras to investigate the specific allegations of Honduran wrong-doings. The analysts' conclusion was the collaboration of that government with the El Salvadorian military to crush refugees. Mercedes Bonorino, the third speaker, from OXFAM, came complete with slides from her trip to the refugee camps in Honduras to provide visual evidence of the horror.

The general picture from that evening was rather grim. In Canada there are an estimated 4,000 to 5,000 refugees — legal and illegal. Although there are high initial requirements (monetary) for entry into Canada, once inside it is easy for El Salvadorians to gain refugee status, unlike in the U.S. For many, though, hope for entry into Canada is almost nil, especially for those behind bars (those in real need of asylum), as visas are just not obtainable.

If Canada wishes to be consistent with the up-to-now platitudes of our external affairs minister, this should be rectified immediately. Canada can lessen the mounting tension in Central America by opening its doors. The question has now been jettisoned from a humanitarian one to one of mere practicality as literal genocide is occurring now within our own hemisphere.



In Aid of Amnesty International



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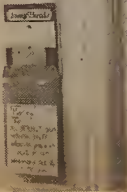
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305



## Innis College Staff Directory

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#### Administration

Forbes Aird .....

#### Administration

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## Editorial

# Where Have All the Film Courses Gone?

Cinema Studies and Innis have been associated with each other since the college's conception, at a time when movies were largely frowned upon as a subject of academic study. Now that film is respected as a noble discipline and courses are offered by four different colleges and most of the language departments at U of T, Innis is still the center of the Cinema Studies programme. The 1981-82 calendar lists 28 courses and both specialist and major degree programmes, with 15 of those courses offered at Innis.

11 of those INI courses, however, are not offered this year. Of the four that are offered, one is the compulsory introductory course, one is a half course, and one has a limited enrolment. The Cinema Studies brochure lists 29 courses throughout the Faculty of Arts and Science to choose from, but 10 of those are not being offered. As any Cinema Studies student can tell you, it is becoming increasingly difficult to meet the requirements for a degree programme.

A long-standing complaint of students studying film at U of T is the lack of production facilities and instruction, a necessity, many claim, for a complete education in the cinema. The rebuttal to that, that ours is a more sophisticated theoretical approach, may once have held, but now even that is tenuous in the present situation. Only one 400-level course is offered this year, and of the three requisite theory courses, the two that are offered have a severely limited enrolment. The wide range of interdisciplinary courses and national film courses that we might boast of, is not only reduced now, but as many students have discovered, cause impossible timetable conflicts as the majority of screenings are Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons.

Given the cutbacks that are affecting university students everywhere and in all disciplines, and given the personal pursuits of certain faculty members (pregnancy, fun times in California, etc.) it is difficult to lodge a specific or legitimate complaint. Certainly if a Film Department had been created before the present universal spending cutbacks, a unified defence could have handled the situation more efficiently, and there could even have been some hope for fleshing out the technical side of the discipline. But with the programme spread out as it is over the whole campus, Cinema Studies is heading for dire straits.

There is no doubt that some formal knowledge of the cinema is invaluable to any student of the humanities today, whether as a primary interest or complementary to some other study (i.e., English). Since so many of the film courses available are interdisciplinary, and since so many students in those courses are from other disciplines — primarily English — perhaps the pretence of a cinema studies programme should be dropped altogether.

Surely this does not have to happen. As it stands, the quality of the programme — the standards of the courses that are offered and the faculty involved — cannot come under criticism. But if this commendability is to persist, some kind of restructuring is necessary.





# Cutbacks—The Penny Drops

by Roddy Macdonald

According to a recent SAC publication, cutbacks began to affect UoT in 1972. That means that students and staff have had ten years of warnings of just what cutbacks can and will mean to UoT. The campus press have stewed and stormed and presented us with all the facts (*The Varsity* November 19/80: *Centralized cutbacks would result in widespread layoffs, dislocation and closing out of educational opportunities*); the *Star* and the *Globe* have made serious comments (*Toronto Star* editorial May 1980: *The Ontario university system...now stands on the brink of a ruinous slump, victim of overly zealous cost-cutting by Queen's Park.*) and SAC and ASSU publications quoted figures till the ink ran out (SAC Cutbacks Tabloid 1980: *Requests totalling \$1,000,000 were submitted for priority requirements for equipment for 80-81. Of these, \$725,000 were classified essential for the maintenance, not advancement, but maintenance, of the administrative, teaching and central research support functions.* Of this \$725,000 the Faculty was able to afford \$325,000.) Student politicians have preached and argued and mimicked "real world" politicians by continuing to warn us even when it was obvious no one was listening (mind you, that's when politicians make some of their best speeches!). Despite all this we still paid no attention to the warnings.

I read—or at least skim—most of the regular publications on campus and I know that I have been duly warned of the horrendous effects of cutbacks: bigger and bigger classes, fewer and fewer TA's and profs, less and less access even to the outdated equipment in the labs (not to mention no new equipment), fewer practical facilities...warnings ad infinitum it would seem. I was concerned and nodded in serious agreement with SAC's attempts to fight the problem in arenas beyond my ken and I did no more. All in all, I felt that I'd done my bit and I lulled myself into believing that, although future generations at U of T might have to do battle for lecture seats in Con Hall, I never would. I was anxious for these future scholars in search of higher truths, but never felt that more was required of me as I would never be directly affected by cutbacks.

## NO SUCH LUCK BONZO!

Here I am in my n'th year and I have to sit on the floor in two of my lectures. One lecture had to be moved from a classroom to a large lecture hall and I still have to get there early to nab even a reasonable seat. With about 160 people, my smallest class is a night course somewhere in the heart of the ever-secure Med Sci building (everyone has to sign in with a security guard who raises not an eyebrow when one signs in as Pierre Trudeau going to the john!). In a crowded 300-level economics course we're told that we may get more than our allotment of half a TA if the powers-that-be can juggle things around.

When I first took my statistics course it had two daytime sections—I failed it nonetheless—now it has only one very overcrowded and overheated section in the Mech Eng building. By five minutes to the hour most of the seats are taken and if one doesn't arrive by five past, there won't even be a good spot left on the floor. In the first week I counted 38 people sitting on the floor and I could only see one of the two aisles. The poor prof does his best; he pretends that this is normal. He told one girl who commented on the conditions: "Don't worry, it'll thin out in a few weeks." Thin out it may, but that's one hell of a solution. Nobody takes STA242 for the fun of it, it's a prerequisite for an additional 11 economics courses.)

If people drop out due to overcrowding—and I don't doubt the prof when he says they will—they're probably having to change, or at least reorganize, their whole programme. The rest are no better off: begin a required course, I expect that many people will stay. Those who have to sit on the floor should sue to get a rebate that many people will stay. Those who have to sit on the floor should sue to get a rebate on their fees; \$185 is a lot to pay to share your prof with several hundred others, not to have tutorials and

to have to sit on the floor in lectures. Somebody ought to raise Hell! The total course enrolment (as of Friday September 25, the last day to enrol) was 419 people. The lectures are held in a hall which, according to the Faculty room-allocation officer, seats 350 people. Almost 70 people will never get a seat.

There are lots of courses where sitting on the floor or standing at the back of the lecture hall has become the normal practice. I hope that omnipotent student apathy won't let it become the accepted practice. Various colleges offer seminars on how to take better lecture notes: I suggest some seminars on perfect recall—standing at the back of lecture hall a student has no place to take notes. A course in eavesdropping might be useful for those who find they can't even get into the lecture hall.

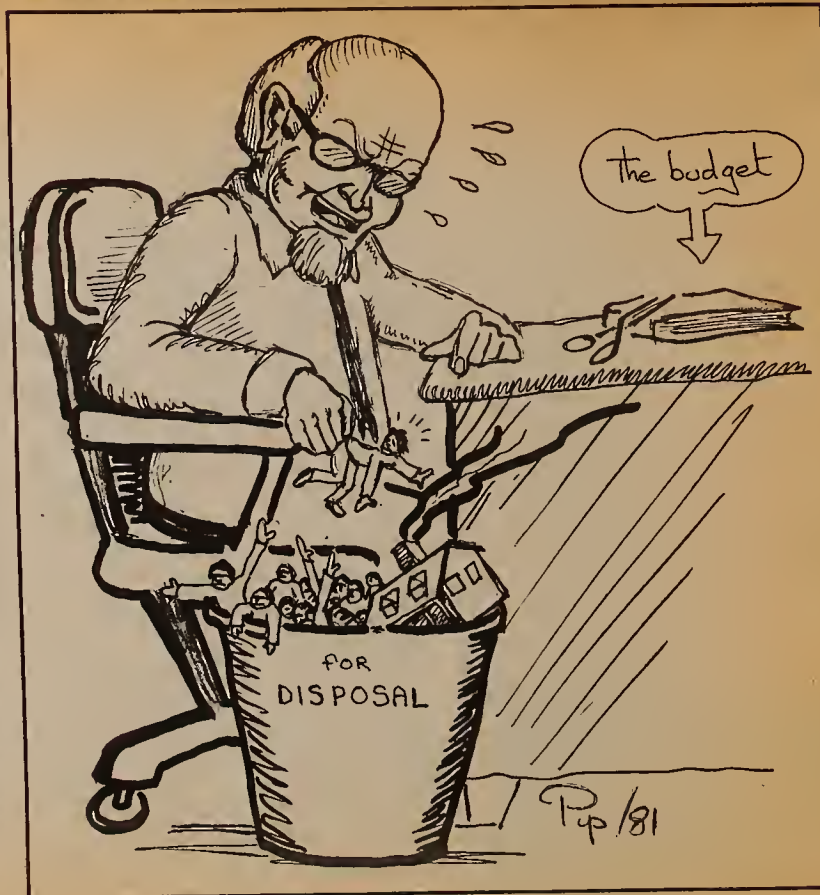
After articles in the papers, letters to the editor, much debate in all sorts of committees and a general hue and cry, PSY100 was moved to Con Hall last year. It's a sign of the times that there was little or no comment when it was scheduled there again this year—students yelled and argued last year to no avail, so why waste one's voice this year, right folks?

Registration is always a stressful time; I've chronicled that carnival before in these pages, but this year they've added a new curve to the track. Camping has always been a popular pastime, but I never thought it would spread to the hallowed halls of Sid Smith. The pressures of the economics programme can be great, but none, I think, would entice me to sleep outside a prof's office just to get a particular lecture section. That's just what many people chose to do this year (I almost said 'had to do', but I suppose they could have changed their whole program and taken up religion instead). One senior

economics prof was heard to comment that if the students couldn't handle the rigours of registration, then they'd never make it through the course anyway. I've heard that said of some military training courses, but surely it doesn't—or ought not to—apply to the scholarly pursuit of an economics degree.

Cutbacks have finally begun to have an effect on enough students that, late, as student response always is, the general student body may realize that they're getting the thin end of the chopstick. One hopes that they (we) will start making loud noises about the situation. Unlike student politics, the average student doesn't yell with his or her voice; he or she will talk in a language understood by university administrators and real world politicians: money. If U of T doesn't provide the facilities that a large university is expected to supply (not to mention the basics like tables and chairs), then students and staff may well start to leave U of T. (*Toronto Star* editorial May 1980: *The Government's tight-fisted funding policies are eroding the quality of our universities...some of the best scholars and researchers are leaving to seek better facilities and wages elsewhere.* *The Varsity* November 26/80: *Prof. R.M.H. Sheppard had knowledge of a meeting of Governing Council of some staff leaving Arts and Science because of a desire for higher pay. They perceive that we are sliding into the state of a second class institution.*). Student protest may yet take the form of vastly lower enrolment.

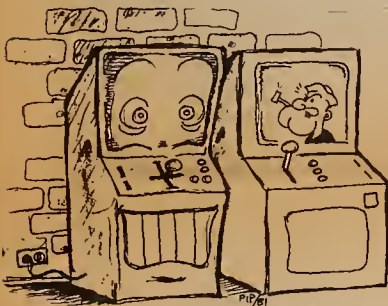
The very decline in the quality of education and thus of campus life in general, may, itself, force some changes independent of student protests. The U of T Faculty of Dentistry is undergoing major equipment upgrading because the outdated facilities meant, according to *The*







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Varsity, that its professional accreditation powers were put on probation for three years. The general decline in our university's facilities could lower the educational standards of our graduates to such a degree that U of T would lose its high standing in the post-secondary education league. When that happens students may well stay away in droves. Cutbacks then, affect more than just individual courses and students.

Alan Marchment, Chairman of The Board of Governors at the University of Cuelph, gives us yet another warning: "If we get no more money and we protect the quality of education, the only way to make it is to close institutions." At U of T that means closing down colleges. Take a guess which relatively new, small, non-residential college would be at the top of the executioner's list? There is talk of reducing Arts and Science enrolment to the level of the 1960's. That, according to ASSU, would mean a drop of "almost 20% or the equivalent of one large college."

No one listened to all the warnings about how cutbacks would affect us. No one paid much attention when courses started having fewer TA's and old equipment was not replaced. Now we are starting to pay the price of our not listening; the cutbacks are affecting us more every year and perhaps it's too late to do anything about them. Crowded classrooms and poor facilities may bring about great changes at U of T and they seem to pose a special threat to Innis. We will have to wait and see if that stats prof is right: "Don't worry, it'll thin out." Let's hope Innis doesn't 'thin out' altogether. According to SAC and the OFS, more, and heavier, cutbacks are on the way. Expected Federal cutbacks in funds transferred to the provinces may mean provincial cutbacks and fee hikes the likes of which we have never seen.

Let's pay attention to these warnings and hope that Innis doesn't receive the unkindest cut of all.

# The Good Ol' Days or The University: For Fun and Profit

by Briane Nasimok

In a number of years (maybe two) you are going to remember your university career as the "good ol' days," I am sure. It is not only I who fondly cherish the thoughts of the high scores I used to get on the pinball machines way back when I was still young and had my reflexes. Or that chance meeting with the attractive pre-med student, crawling under the bleachers of Varsity Arena during a hockey game wherein the U of T Blues smashed the Brock Badgers... Everyone reminisces.

These days will come, so I suggest that you not squander all your time with classwork, or your memories will be exclusively dedicated to test tubes you have known and loved or great seminars on Daphnus and Chloe.

Life at the university was easier during the New Programme (or is it now called the New Programme, not to be confused with the Old New Programme... bureaucracy can be so disorienting.) Why in the good ol' days — SORRY, nothing I hate more than when people who do that — all you had to do to qualify for a B.A. was survive fifteen credits. And your programme didn't have to make any sense. But then again there were Innis courses you could get your teeth into like *Wayne and Shuster: The Early Years*, and *The Compass and How to Use It*.

When I first sat down to my typewriter, I thought I'd use this space to suggest a sort of survival course for U of T. I'd rehash some of the points I had made in 1973 when I co-ordinated the frosh Handbook, *Everyone's a Winner at the U of T*. I can paraphrase it in one statement: *The University is a great raw resource and it's your task to use it to its fullest potential.*

I hear that times are tougher now and more students are greatly concerned with their impending role in the work force. But education does not only happen in the classrooms of U.C. or the corridors of St. Hilda's. By now, if you have not at least skipped a dozen classes, there may be no hope for you. General Motors may have you by your distributor cap. If you see that you are dangerously close to having a perfect attendance record... skip a class. I'm not suggesting that you miss a lecture for no good reason... sleep, a beer, an afternoon movie, visiting Father David Belyea, these are all acceptable excuses.

You pay the shot for your education. The

university needs you, because without your precious body occupying one of their classroom seats, Uncle Bill would not give them funding. Hence a lot of people in and around U of T would have to go out and get a real job, and be your competition if and when you graduate.

Don't forget that you don't have to leave your new academic home after three or four years. Hell no. Hang around if you've got a good thing going. You can usually dig up some money to keep you out of the work force. They're going to have to pay you anyway, if you can't find a job.

Now here's the theme of the piece, if you're just scanning through my little effort. There is no ultimate guarantee you're going to get work in the field you've been studying. Surprise! Has anyone yet enlightened you on that fact?

Well just how many chemical engineers can a society ingest, or sociologists, for that matter? The yellow pages are filled with numerous members of the latter profession just starving for work. There's always room at Bell or the Post Office when it's not on strike. So prepare yourself for the inevitability that you won't be getting a job in your chosen field. Maybe you will, but then the next person may not. So pass this on to them.

You are living through the best times of your life, because folks, this doesn't count. You're in university. They expect you to fuck up a little. Experiment, try to bend the rules. You're young, you're learning. Failure happens all the time in the real world, so don't be crushed by it at university. It doesn't count. Realize the external pressures that have been put on you and all that socialization you've been put through to get here — Canada's leading University, piled high in tradition.

Maybe I'm preaching a little now... sorry. I am just suggesting while you have the chance use the full resources of the university. Abuse them if necessary. Thus concludes my dissertation on the university for fun and profit. For those of you who are concerned... this will not be on the final exam.

*Briane Nasimok, freelance comedian, and minor celeb, is a former alumnus, former as he no longer pays his dues. He is a closet journalist who is trying to recapture his youth.*



When you graduate you can be just like Briane, "Canada's Foremost Operatic Mute."



# Review

## Ellen Willis' Accomplished Optimism

by Danielle Savage

Ellen Willis has been writing about feminism, rock and roll, and other cultural phenomena for several major American magazines over the past fourteen years. She always adopts a perspective that is provocative and well thought-out; often essays of the broadest social significance will include intensely personal sections relating the subject in question back to her own experience. No matter what she writes about, Ellen Willis is not boring. This is why, when I heard that a collection of her essays had just been published, I looked forward to reading it as much as a letter from a close friend.

I wasn't disappointed. This collection, *Beginning to See the Light: Pieces of a Decade* (Alfred A. Knopf, \$12.95), contains certain essays that I think everyone should read. Of course, I have to admit that Willis' strong feminist bias is not at odds with my own. However, she writes not about easy solutions but about conflicts — usually occurring between her sense of individual self and spiritual freedom. These essays are written with intelligence, wit, and a clarity of thought that makes them a pleasure to read; the author's struggles to identify her own prejudices and weaknesses are courageous and thought-provoking.

Two essays in particular stand out: *Abortion: Is a Woman a Person?* and *Next Year in Jerusalem*. The former, an exceptionally coherent, logical, and forceful argument, is an impassioned plea to consider that the health and well-being of women is at stake in anti-abortion legislation. Yet she is not deaf to those who advocate traditional roles. In the second essay, an account of her trip to Israel to visit her newly-converted Orthodox Jew brother, she is confronted with a set of beliefs that provides strict spiritual and moral commandments and even material ones such as prohibiting married women to expose their hair to any man but their husbands (these women must wear kerchiefs nearly all the time). She meets other converted Americans, and wonders

*If these two modern intellectual women found Orthodox life exciting and full of purpose — if they had been exposed to the freedoms I had, yet did not feel deprived — perhaps I did not need those freedoms as much as I thought.*

She is lulled by the emotional security of such a way of life, yet, in the long run, decides in favour of the responsibility of deciding for herself what is right and wrong, for "the contradictions of (her) middle-class, female, secular, American writer's way of life."

In her opinion, relying on personal judgment — no matter how dangerous — is preferable to embracing external restrictions. On the subject of pornography, she writes that by definition it does not damage women, but in its modern form it is a symptom — not a cause — of misogyny.

*Part of the argument (against pornography) is that pornography causes violence; much is made of the fact that Charles Manson and David Berkowitz had porn collections. This is the sort of inverted logic that presumes marijuana to be dangerous because most heroin addicts started with it.*

Willis is thus skeptical of any ideology that appears to provide easy answers. She remains objective on individual issues, but identifies with the left, although not without qualifications. One of her main criticisms is that she does not feel that it takes women's issues seriously. Another is what she sees as the left's refusal to acknowledge artistic merit in mass-art forms such as rock and roll, implying that the general public is too gullible (read stupid) to know any better than to avoid them. Although her essays on this subject tend to drag a bit in comparison with the others, she makes her point clearly in "The Who Sell" and "Velvet Underground;" the former because she believes that this group has always understood so well the importance of maintaining an image that is mass-marketable, and the latter because, for her, the Velvet Underground represents the paradox of being rock and roll artists "who had no real chance of attracting a mass audience." In addition, there is a compassionate portrait of Janis Joplin as a

player in the game of pushing her public image as far as it could go.

Sensitivity and insight of this kind are evident in other pieces such as "The Trial of Arline Hunt," an engrossing account of a woman pressing charges for rape. There are also several humorous pieces, notable "Toward a National Man Policy," wherein the national shortage of men sparks a radical feminist discussion that sounds like a political debate. The various comments so enrage one listener that she finally cuts in:

*You bourgeois feminists always miss the point... It's not the men who are behind this so-called shortage, it's the ruling class. The 'man-crisis' is nothing more and nothing less than the newest method of population control for the poor. If there's a shortage of men, who'll get the first crack at them? Not poor or black or Hispanic women, you can be sure of that!*

If Willis' eye is sharp, it is because she has been writing for over a decade, and throughout that time she has worked to maintain an optimism that is politically realistic. This is her main quarrel with the journalist Tom Wolfe; in one essay she describes his "Failed Optimism," accusing him of ignoring the political aspects of the lifestyles he describes and even of "mindless yea-saying," although she recognizes the literary talent and social significance of his work.

For her own part, she has chronicled the changes of the past decade with doubt, frustration, fear, and anger, but always with hope as well. It is because she gives us the statement that the Eighties will be "an active, energetic decade that we can really live in, not just live through" — presenting it in such a way that we feel we can believe her — that we can bear to read this statement written in 1969:

*It may be that those of us who still have some faith in collective action are simply indulging an insane optimism... if we want to survive the Seventies, we should learn to draw strength from something more solid than a culture that in a few years may be just a memory: Remember hair down to your shoulders? Remember Janis Joplin?... Wow, those years were really, uh, far out.*

## Two by Fassbinder

by John Hamilton

A play by Fassbinder? Yes. Rainer Werner Fassbinder, internationally known as a filmmaker, was trained as an actor, formed his own theatre group in Munich called "anti-theatre" and wrote twenty-odd plays during the period 1968-1972.

Theatre Autumn Leaf recently concluded a run of *Bremen Coffee* at The Theatre Centre, 666 King St. W. The play is based on the true story of a housewife living in Bremen who poisons a string of lovers and friends who threaten her freedom.

Standout performances from Michelle Smith as Geesche the housewife, Jim Warren as Gottedried her second husband and Mark Christman as her brother highlighted the production. Warren was especially effective as the romantic lover who quickly assumes the role of the cigar-smoking, underwear-clad bully vacated by the death of Geesche's first husband. He too makes a quick exit after sampling a lethal cup of *Bremen Coffee*. The play anticipates themes Fassbinder has gone on to explore in his films. Namely, the undercurrent of violence among the poor, and the ruthlessness of

ambitious women.

Also on the program was *Sotoba Komachi* by Yukio Mishima, a modern version of a traditional No theatre piece. No theatre is highly symbolic, verging on ritual, and gesture is as important as words or action. Death, disguised as an old woman in a park, proceeds to re-enact a love affair she had had 80 years prior. The performance was somewhat hampered by a lack of subtlety on the part of John Blackwood, as the young poet who meets Death there.

A word about *The Theatre Centre*. With its roughly constructed bleachers and stacking chairs for seats, *The Theatre Centre* hearkens back to "the golden age" of Toronto underground theatre (circa 1970). Don't let this put you off. There seems to be an inverse relationship between the comfort of the seats and the quality of the productions in most Toronto theatres. As yet uncontaminated by the rattle of jewelry, the rustle of furs and the lure of grants from brewers and distillers, *The Theatre Centre* seems to be shaping up as one of the most interesting additions to the theatre community in a long time.





# Miscellaneous Ramblings

Bodkin Van Horne

Toronto is a funny place for a Quebecker. It's huge, and it operates in only one language, which seems on first impression to be terribly efficient, and on second impression rather dull. People stick "right?" in the middle of all their sentences. And the restaurants are Cute.

Mr. *Greenjeans emparium and Restaurant* is a place to avoid. They served me my omelette on a blue dustpan. They served me a bloody mary in a pickling jar. No more need be said. Also avoid *The Vegetarian Restaurant* (542 Yonge). The staff reeks of blind sincerity. At any rate, you'd have to be a bit off your rocker to charge eight bucks for a lunch consisting of: apple juice, soup a Macroburger, (which I'm sure was a microwave-cooked mudcake with sprouts) and a piece of sugary blueberry pie. What that place needs is someone to start a brawl. Spice it up.

But there are places where one can have a beer, a coffee, without feeling like a character in some silly play. *Beno's Restaurant* (Vaughan Rd., just below St. Clair) is one of these places. The staff isn't interested in eking five more percent in tips. That's a relief. It's genuinely tacky. That, in a funny way, is a relief, too. And the music, (funk, soul, and R&B), is cheerful and loud. Bands change regularly; people dance, and the place is genuinely happy. Not worth coming across town for, but if you're in the neighbourhood...

*Capriccia* (580 College) is quiet weeknights and cheap, and it's reasonably good, certainly good value. But drink the house red at your own risk. I haven't tried bringing my own wine, (I can't afford the mark up), but bringing one's own wine is standard practice in Montreal. It's probably illegal here. And by the way — why can't you get food here after 10 p.m. on Sundays? This is ridiculous. I went hungry and was in a very bad mood last Sunday night because of this crazy and ridiculous bylaw.



Oh well. Stay home and make lentil soup and have some wine this Sunday — it's cheap and fun, but don't buy Ziggy's cheese. It looks great sitting there on the shelf, but it's always a disappointment. I bought their best brie the other day, and the stuff tasted... actually it didn't taste. That was the problem. Stilton is a bit better, but there are so many local places where you can get better cheese a lot cheaper. Also, Don't see a band called Blue Peter. (At the Nickelodian last week). They give new meaning to the words loud and boring.

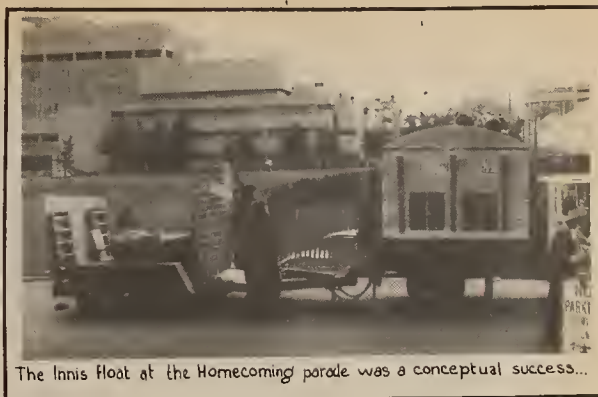
*By the Way Yogurt* is excused from it's trendyness. Good salads, and they make a sandwich brings my childhood back with tears. PB&Banana. Yumm. It's not bad on a piece of pita. But they should at least offer some sort of jelly. Like everything else, almost, it's a little too expensive. It's at four-hundred Bloor St. West.

*Bregman's - The Bakery Restaurant* is another place that manages to get away with a little bit of too much trendyness. But Boy. Sunday morning, even I (?) like to get up late and have quiche, freshly squeezed orange juice, croissants, milk and coffee. Luckily, so far I haven't had to pay for these brunches, but I've peeked, and you should come with ten if you want not to worry about running out. I suppose you can justify it because it's breakfast and lunch, and it's probably only a once-a-month thing if your budget is anything like mine.

Actually, the best place I've found to eat so far in Toronto is my sister's place. The food is individually prepared, Scotch and wine are free, and the service (?) is good company and funny.

As for the CN Tower, someone should blow the eyesore up. It looks like something gone wrong in pottery class; a U.F.O. with a pencil stuck through it.

Next time, I'll learn Italian and have Italian and have fun in my neighborhood.



The Innis float at the Homecoming parade was a conceptual success...

## The Writer Suppressed

by Chris Clover

The first reading of the Congress on the *Writer and Human Rights in aid of Amnesty International* was given at Harbourfront on Tuesday September 28. The master of ceremonies, Creg Cateby, described it as the largest literary event ever held in Canada. That evening, the five authors who were present, Alan Sillitoe, Rick Salutin, Earl Birney, Zdena Tominova and Michael Ondaatje, gave readings from their works which included plays, short stories, poems and autobiographical glimpses. Although all of the readings were excellent, the one which was most involved with human rights was the reading of Zdena Tominova, herself a dissident from Czechoslovakia.

The stories Mrs. Tominova read were about

experiences she had had in Czechoslovakia. She began with a short story describing the funeral of a *Charter 77* spokesman whom she had known. Throughout the funeral a police helicopter hovered above the cemetery, while policemen on the ground took pictures of the people attending the funeral. Because of these pictures, Mrs. Tominova was fired from her job as interpreter. It was shortly after this incident that she became a formal signatory to the *Charter 77* movement. *Charter 77* is a dissident literary movement, operating in Czechoslovakia, which both Zdena and her husband, Julius, belong to.

Julius is a philosopher and scholar who was forced to do manual labour after the 1968 invasion. He is a long-time human rights activist and in 1978 organized a hunger strike to mark the sixtieth anniversary of Czechoslovakia, and

the tenth anniversary of the invasion. In 1979, western scholars began attending seminars held in his apartment as part of the underground *Jan Patočka University*.

Both Zdena and Julius Tominova have been arrested and interrogated many times. In Jun 1979, Zdena was attacked by a masked man outside her home and hospitalized with a concussion. The Tominovas were granted a five-year exit visa in August of 1980 after Julius had been invited to lecture at Oxford. Last spring their citizenship was revoked because of comments Mr. Tominova had made about Poland. His play, *Enemies of the State*, will be produced in England this fall.

If you are interested in joining the struggle for human rights you can get in touch with Amnesty International at 593-1219.



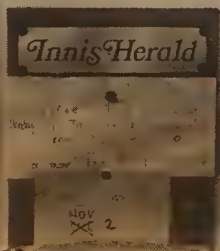
Due to the resignation of Kirk Roberts, Vice-President Government, the I.C.S.S. regrets to announce yet another election. The position of Vice-President Government is open to any interested Innis College student. Nomination forms are available in Rm. 115. Nominations close October 15.

Congratulations are extended to the following people who have been acclaimed to the Innis College Council:

Matthew Barrigar, Elaine Bauer, Tim Cholvat, Kathleen Crook, Larry Demarce, Vincent Fung, Marc Huber, John Klotz, Roddy Macdonald, Brett MacMillan, Arnis Mikelsons, Hugh Palmer, Laurie Lee Paul, Anne Pettem, John Stogiannis, Mike Swan, Steve Tilbrook and Tom Vaivada.

Congratulations also to Mike McCaffery, our new Social Rep., and to Kathy VanLierde, our new Farm Rep.

Good luck to you all!



## New Lockers

As part of our service to Innis students, the I.C.S.S. offers locker rentals. For years, we were faced with a problem of too many students wanting too few lockers. This summer, though, the problem was alleviated somewhat. New lockers have been installed in the basement of the old house (outside the Pinball Room). Now we can provide more locker space for the students who want them—but they still will be assigned on a first come, first served basis. Lockers will be available for rental during registration week in Rm. 116.

YES, YOU CAN BE A

# Herald



Submissions for the Innis Herald are Welcome and Needed

Reviews  
Poetry  
Fiction  
Artwork  
Cartoons  
Features  
Photographs



There is an Innis Herald submissions box in the I.C.S.S. office. Please fill it up: fiction, photographs, reviews, artwork, suggestions.

Meeting  
for all HERALD staff,  
potential staff,  
interested People etc,  
Room 105 (pub)  
Wednesday, Oct 14  
5:00 p.m.

Classified ads: \$3.00 for  
25 words or less; more words,  
negotiable

Anyone wishing to advertise  
in the Innis Herald please  
contact the office (978-7434)  
for advertising rates.

## Come to Innisfree

Although not an official part of the college, the Innisfree farm is so closely tied to the social life of Innis that for some it has become a second home. The farm is used five times yearly by the I.C.S.S. for activities such as welcoming frosh in September, celebrating New Years, and studying for exams in April. Physically, the farm consists of the house that Harold Adams Innis was born in, the conference center where it all happens, and 175 acres of corn right in the heart of Ontario's tobacco belt.

What makes Innisfree "the farm" though, are the people who somehow manage to turn an empty building into a home on a Friday night, and return it back to normal by Sunday afternoon, but to appreciate what goes on in the intervening forty-eight hours, it really has to be experienced. We hope that you will come up with us some time to be a part of it.

Greg Schofield  
Interim farm rep.



## Creative Writing

If you write, come and tell me about it, show me your work. I can acquaint you with some of what Innis, U of T and the city have to offer. If you write and you're shy, leave the sample of your work in my mailbox (with your Phone number) and I'll call you.

Roger Greenwald  
Room 314, Mon & Wed 1-5